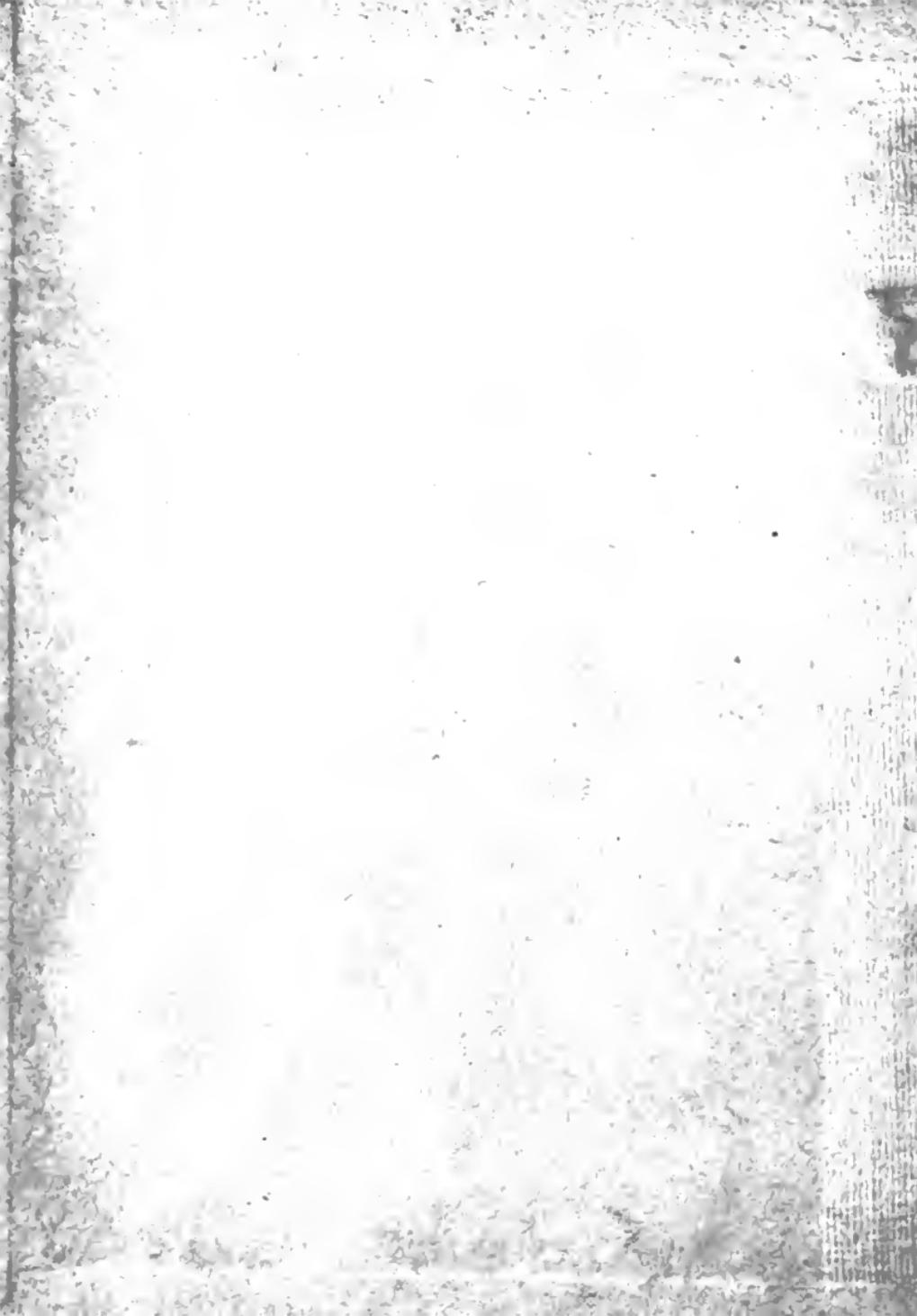


SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS



Illustrated by
HENRY OSPOVAT

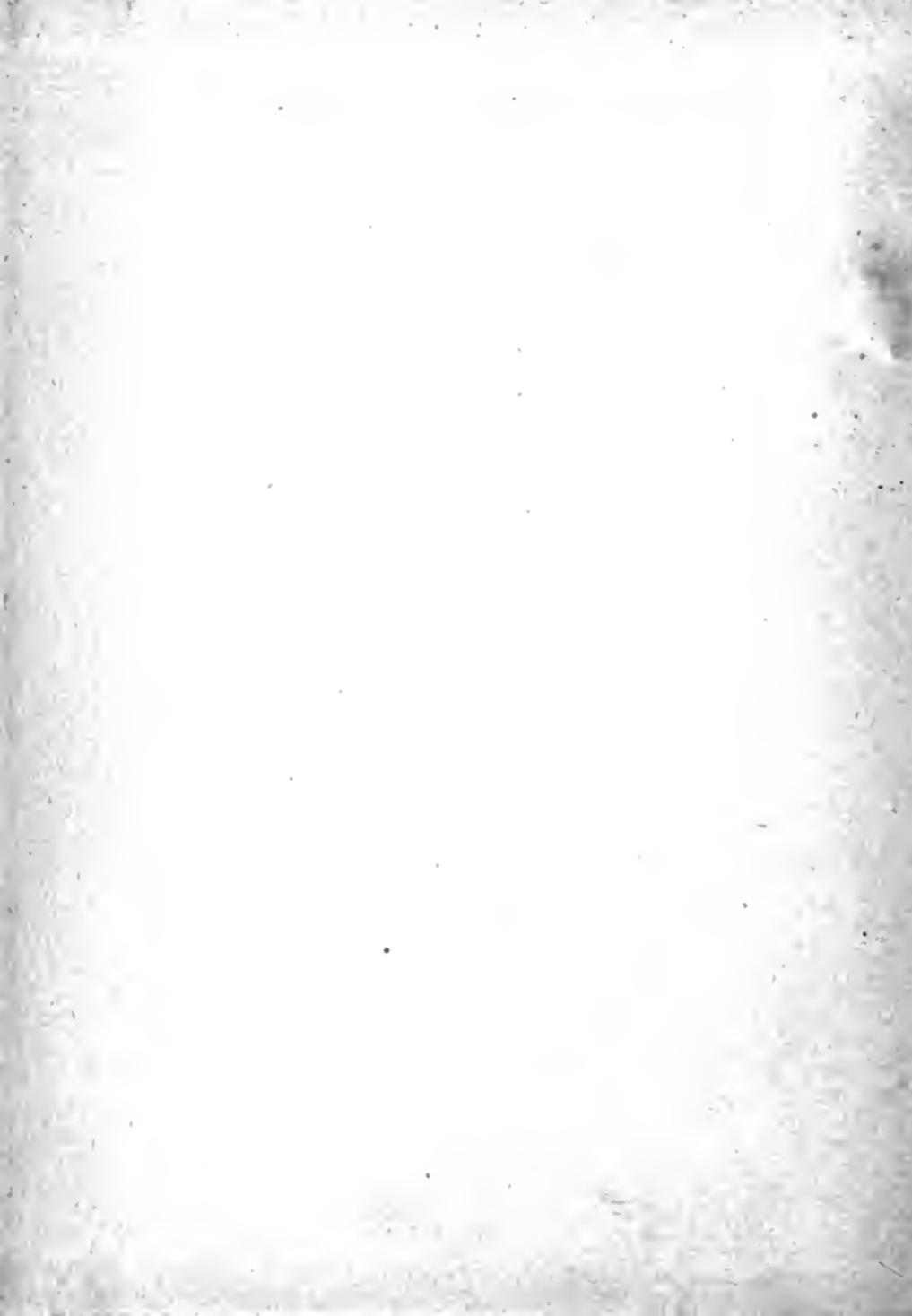


UCSB LIBRARY
X-20354



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

*SHAKESPEARE'S
SONGS*



UUCB LIBRARY



SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS

With Drawings

BY

HENRY OSPOVAT



JOHN LANE

The Bodley Head London and New York

1901

Printed by **COLSTON & COY. LIMITED**, Edinburgh

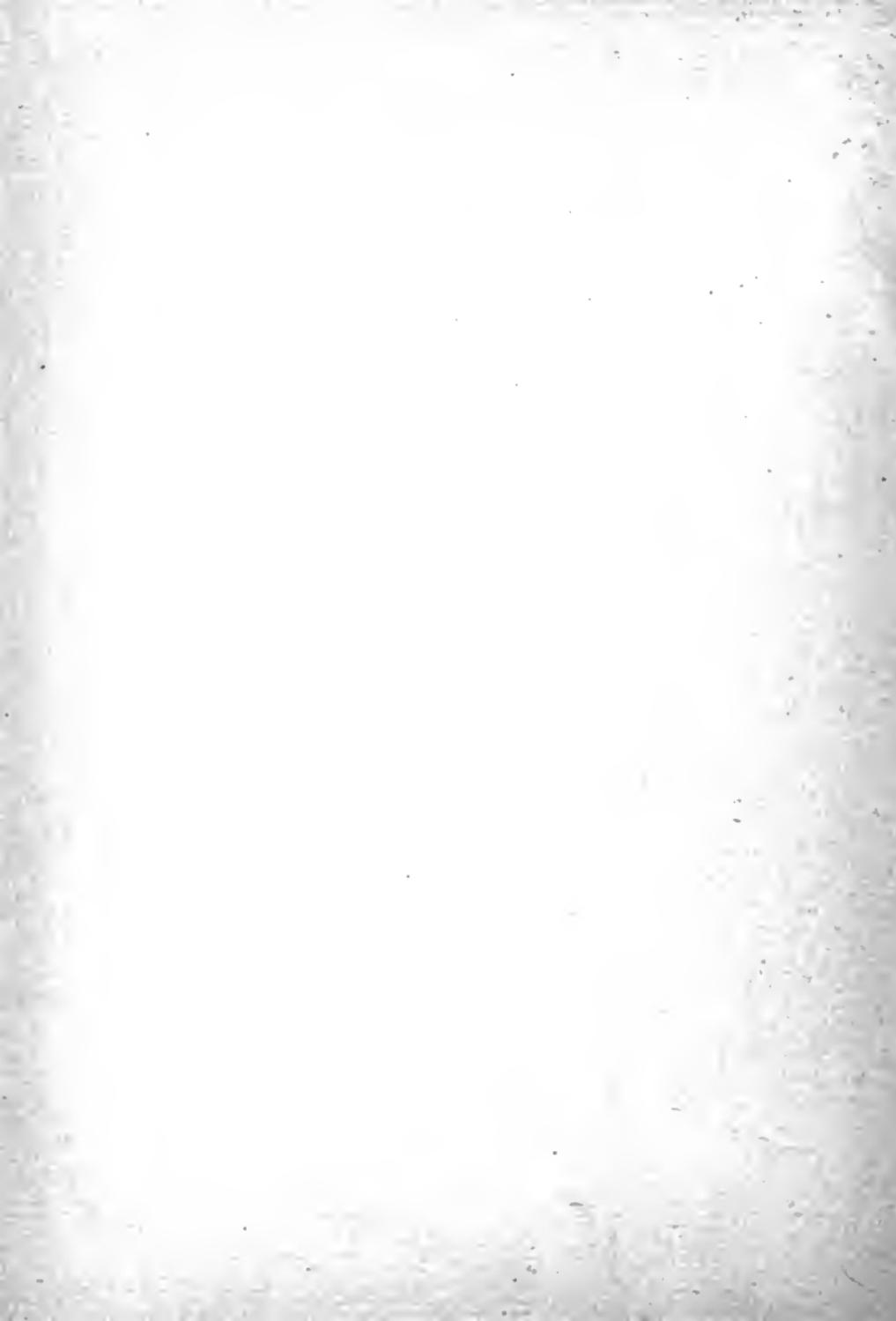
CONTENTS

Songs from the Plays	<i>pp</i> 1 to 84
A Lover's Complaint	85
The Passionate Pilgrim	105
Songs to Notes of Music	117
The Phœnix and the Turtle	131



LIST of DRAWINGS

‘When shepherds pipe on oaten straws’	
	(Page 53) <i>Frontispiece</i>
‘The fool will stay, And let the wise man fly’ . . .	<i>To face page</i> 8
‘Tis Hymen peoples every town’	18
‘Fear no more’	24
‘Come buy’	32
‘A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad, tires in a mile-a’	43
‘Saint Withold’	56
‘And let me the canakin clink’	67
‘In thy vats our cares be drown’d’	74
‘Sigh no more, ladies’	82
‘All our love is lost, for Love is dead’	122



SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'CYMBELINE'

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty is.
My Lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !

ACT II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishèd ?
—Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell :—
Ding, dong, bell.

Act III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA'

WHO is Silvia? what is She
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

ACT IV., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TWELFTH-NIGHT'

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty :—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

ACT II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

IT was a Lover and his Lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

ACT V., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'WINTER'S TALE'

Autolycus—Dorcas—Mopsa

A. **G**ET you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know !
D. Whither ?
M. O whither ?
D. Whither ?
M. It becomes thy oath full well
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me, too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither ?
A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my Love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me :
—Then whither goest ? say, whither ?

ACT IV., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

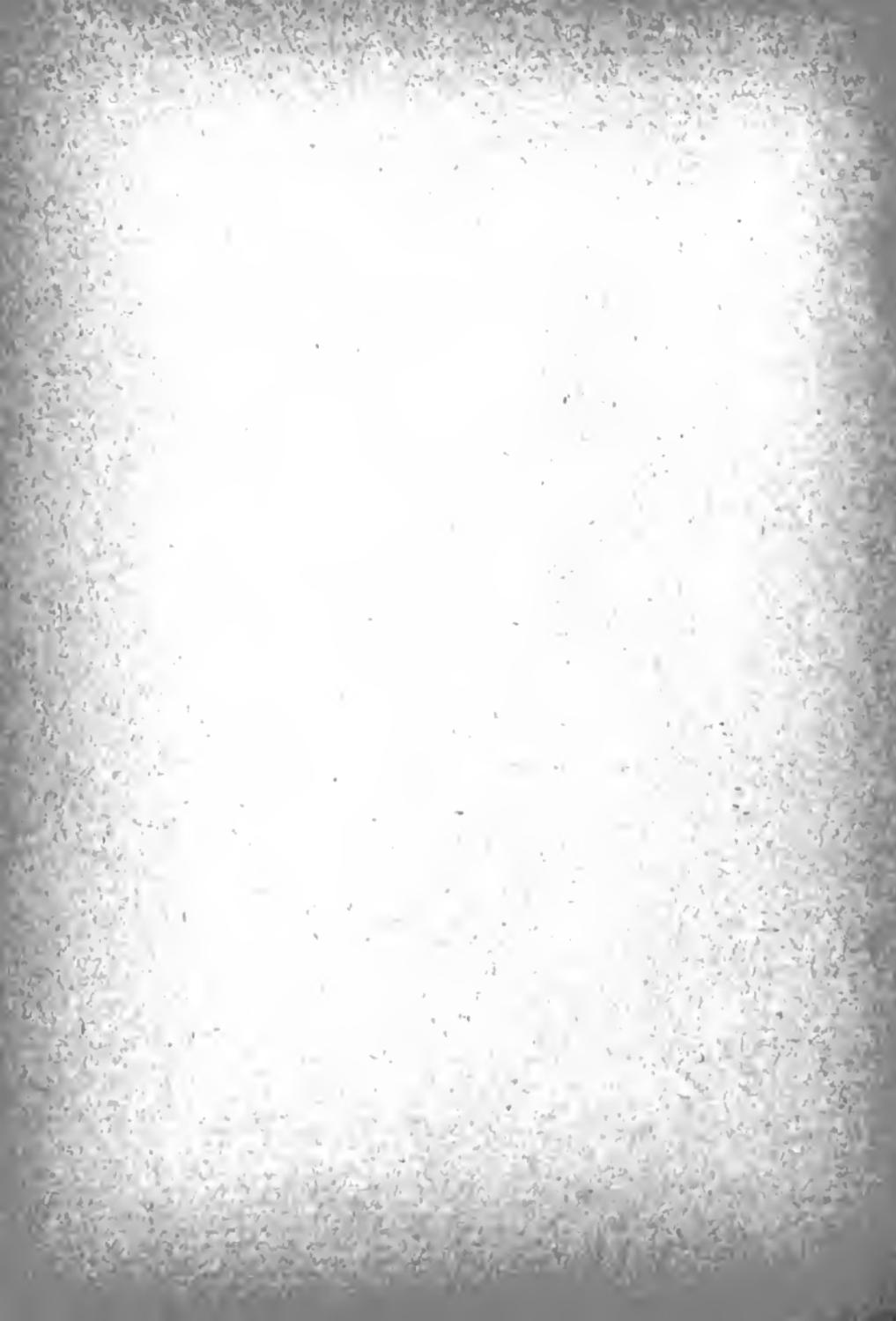
From 'KING LEAR'

FATHERS that wear rags
Do make their children blind ;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly ;
The knave turns fool that runs away ;
The fool no knave, perdy.

ACT II., SCENE IV.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'MEASURE FOR MEASURE'

TAKE, O, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again ;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain ;
—Seal'd in vain.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

HANG there, my verse, in witness of my
love :

And thou, thrice-crownèd Queen of
night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye which in this forest looks

Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She.

Act III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

ART thou, god, to shepherd turn'd
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Hath power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

ACT IV., SCENE III.

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

SO sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the
rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have
smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down
flows

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shonest in every tear that I do weep :

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :

But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

ACT IV., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

IF love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine
eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would
comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice ;

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee
commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder ;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts
admire :
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
fire.
Celestial as thou art, O pardon, Love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue !

ACT IV., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
ment,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair Sun, which on my earth dost
shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Act IV., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

ON a day—alack the day !—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find ;
That the Lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
—Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee ;

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Thou,—for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

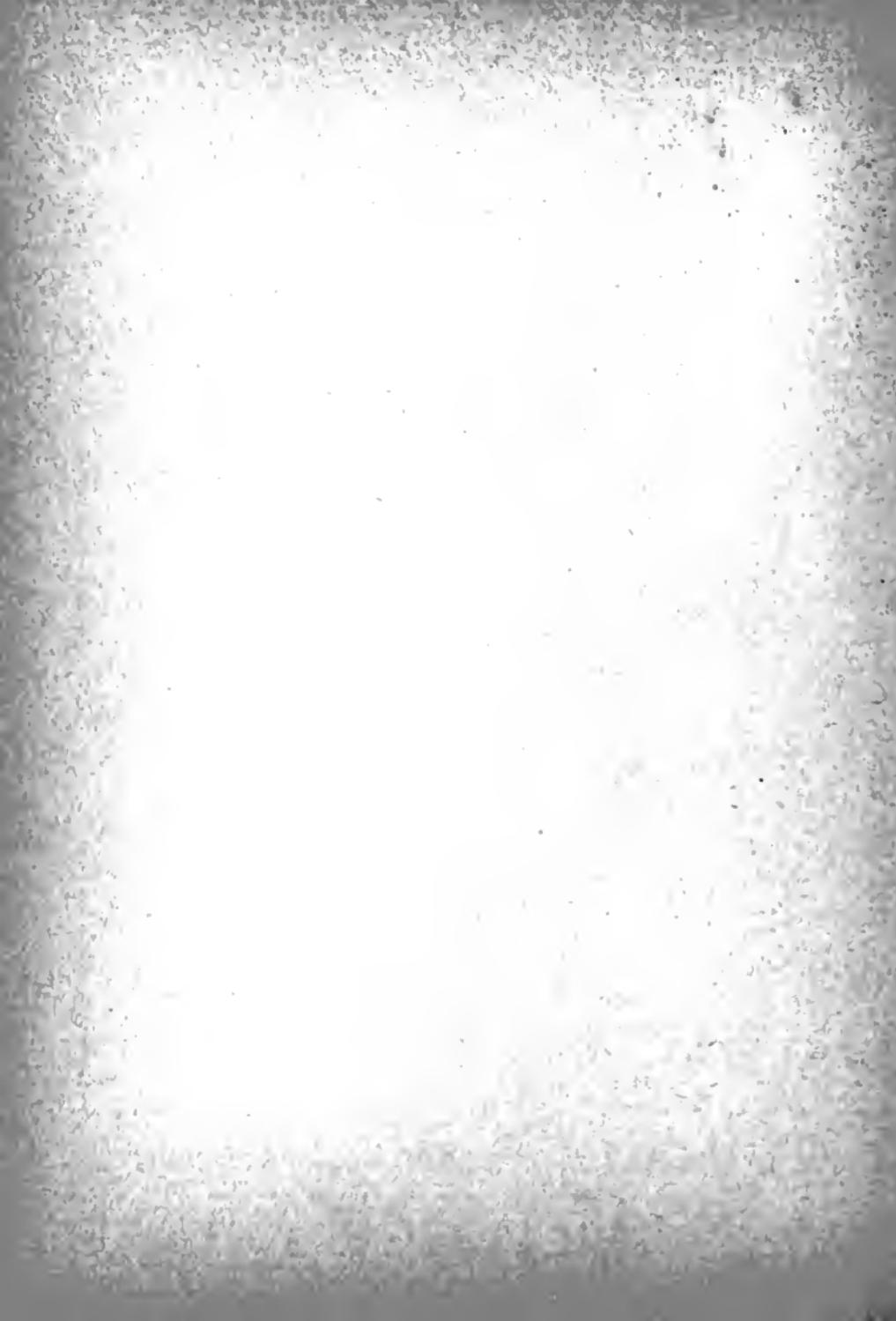
ACT IV., SCENE III.

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

WEDDING is great Juno's crown :
O blessèd bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High Wedlock then be honourèd :
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !

ACT V., SCENE IV.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

THEN is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together !
Good duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightest join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Act V., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty :
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

ALL that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.

ACT II., SCENE VII.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TWELFTH-NIGHT'

COME away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath ;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it !

My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown ;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown :

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

Act II., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING'

PARDON, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead
Till death be utterèd,
Heavily, heavily.

ACT V., SCENE III.

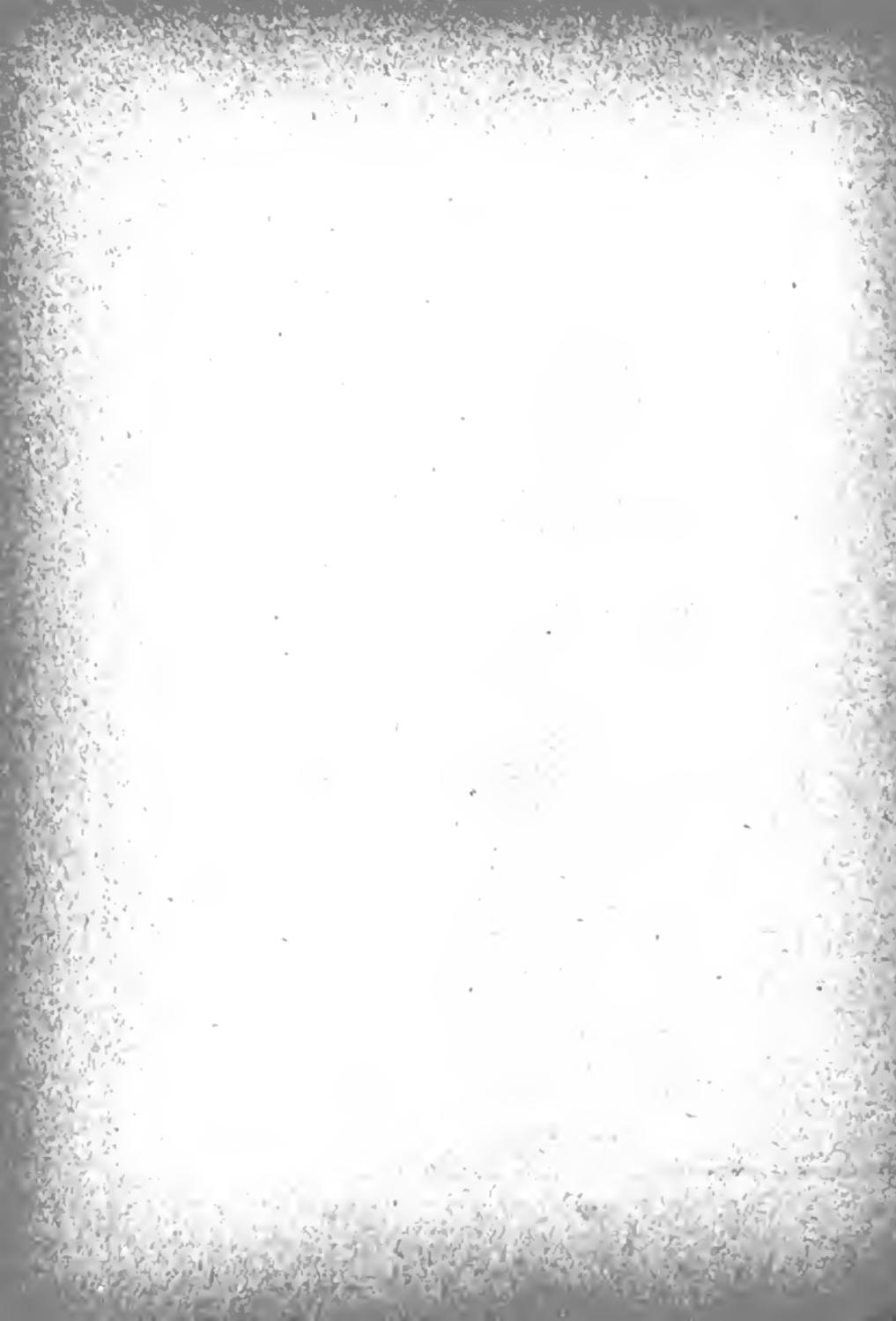
SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'CYMBELINE'

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renownèd be thy grave !

ACT IV., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Act V., SCENE I.

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

Puck.

BE, as thou wast wont to be ;
 See, as thou wast wont to see :
 Dian's Bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Act IV., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there ;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear :
Hark, hark !
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark :
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Act I., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

OVER hill, over dale
Thorough bush, thorough brier
Over park, over pale
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be :
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl on every cowslip's ear.

Act II., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

WHILE you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you have a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake ! Awake !

Act II., SCENE I.

From 'KING HENRY V.'

ND sword and shield,
A In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
And thither would I hie.

Act III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

Puck.

FAIRY King, attend and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Oberon.

Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade ;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Titania.

Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on this ground.

Act IV., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

FLOWER of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !

When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

ACT III., SCENE II.

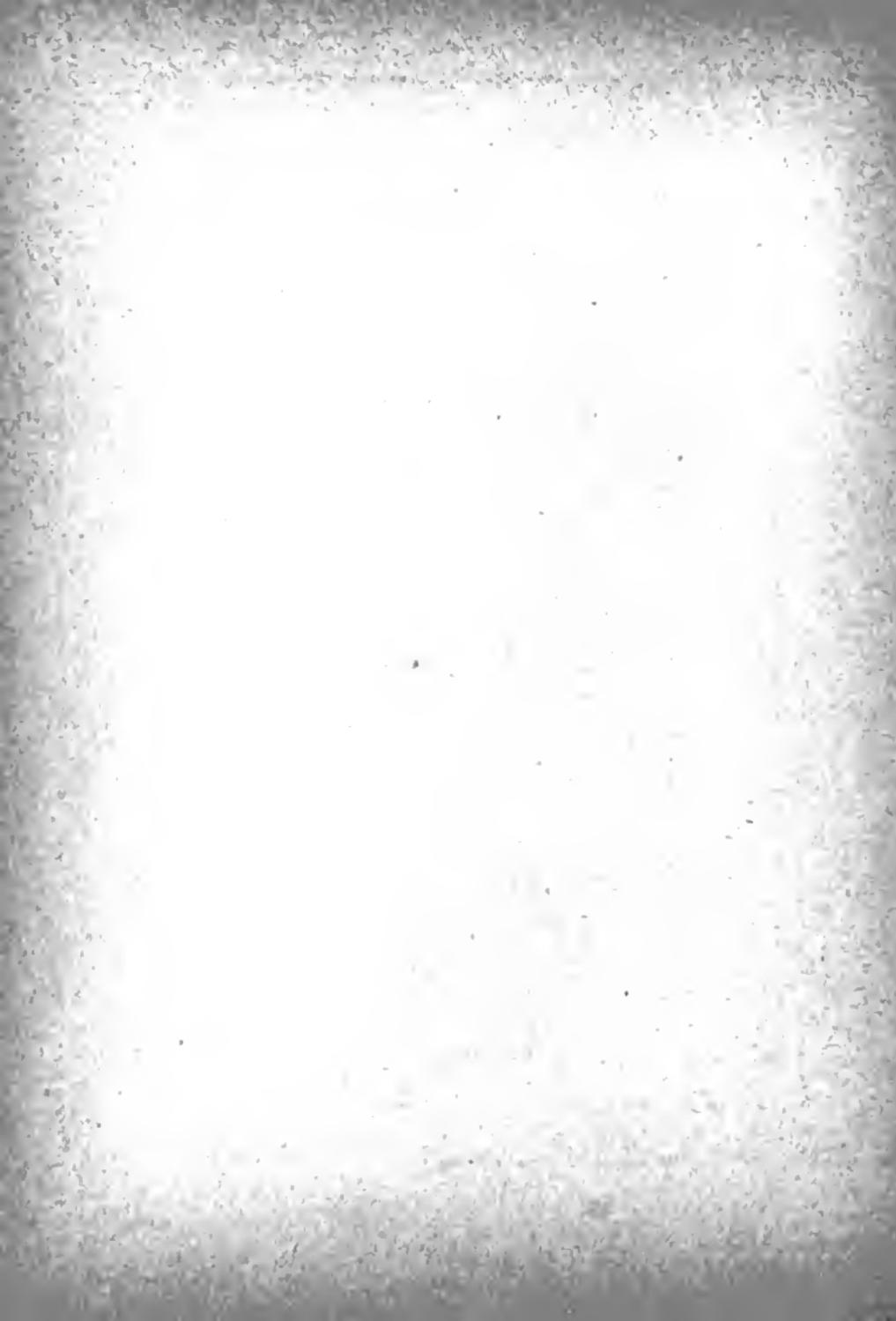
SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'WINTER'S TALE'

LAWN as white as driven snow ;
Cypress black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy.

ACT IV., SCENE III.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR'

LOVE like a shadow flies,
When substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that that flies,
And flying what pursues.

ACT II., SCENE II.

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

THE raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates ;
And Phibus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The fooling fates.

ACT I., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

THROUGH the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence ! who is here ?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
This is he, my master said,
Despisèd the Athenian maid ;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

Act II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy Queen !

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; Lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh :
So, good-night, with lullaby.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh :
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Act II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait :
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace ;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away ; make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

Act V., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR'

FIE on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villainy ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

ACT V., SCENE V.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

IF she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known ;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown :
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,—
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe !

ACT I., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

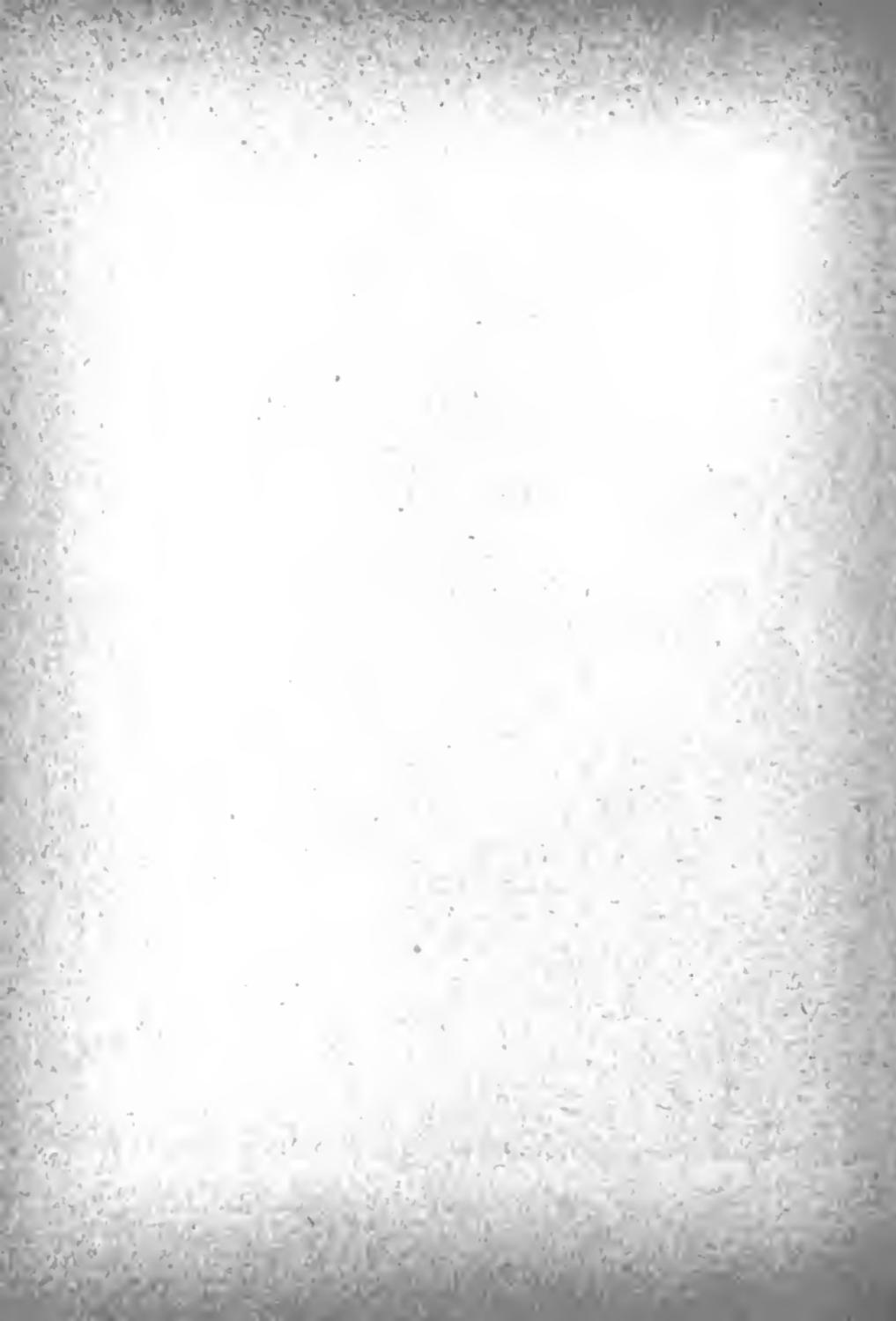
From 'WINTER'S TALE'

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then, comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the
jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.





SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad, tires in a mile-a.

ACT IV., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TROILUS AND CRESSIDA'

FULL merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
And being once subdued in armèd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

ACT V., SCENE XI.

From 'THE TEMPEST'

NO more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

ACT II., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

THE ouzel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer, nay.

Act III., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.'

DO nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall :
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry !

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine ;
And a merry heart lives long-a.
Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

ACT V., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL'

FOR I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

• • • •

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sackèd Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighèd as she stood,
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

ACT I., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TWELFTH-NIGHT'

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Act V., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

WHAT shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear
Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;
It was a crest ere thou wast born :
Thy father's father wore it :
And thy father bore it !
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Act IV., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

THE master, the swabber, the boatswain
and I,

The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate ;

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !

She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch ;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did
itch :

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

ACT II., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'KING HENRY VIII.'

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music in such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

ACT III., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

SPRING

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo :—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo :—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear ! ACT V., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST'

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit ;
Tu-who ;—a merry note ;—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit ;
Tu-who ;—a merry note ;—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ACT V., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

‘From ‘TROILUS AND CRESSIDA’

LOVE, Love, nothing but Love, still more !
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe :
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, Oh ! oh ! they die !
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !
So dying love lives still :
Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !
Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !
—Heigh-ho !

ACT III., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'KING LEAR'

SAINT WITHOLD footed thrice the wold ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine fold ;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee witch, aroint thee !

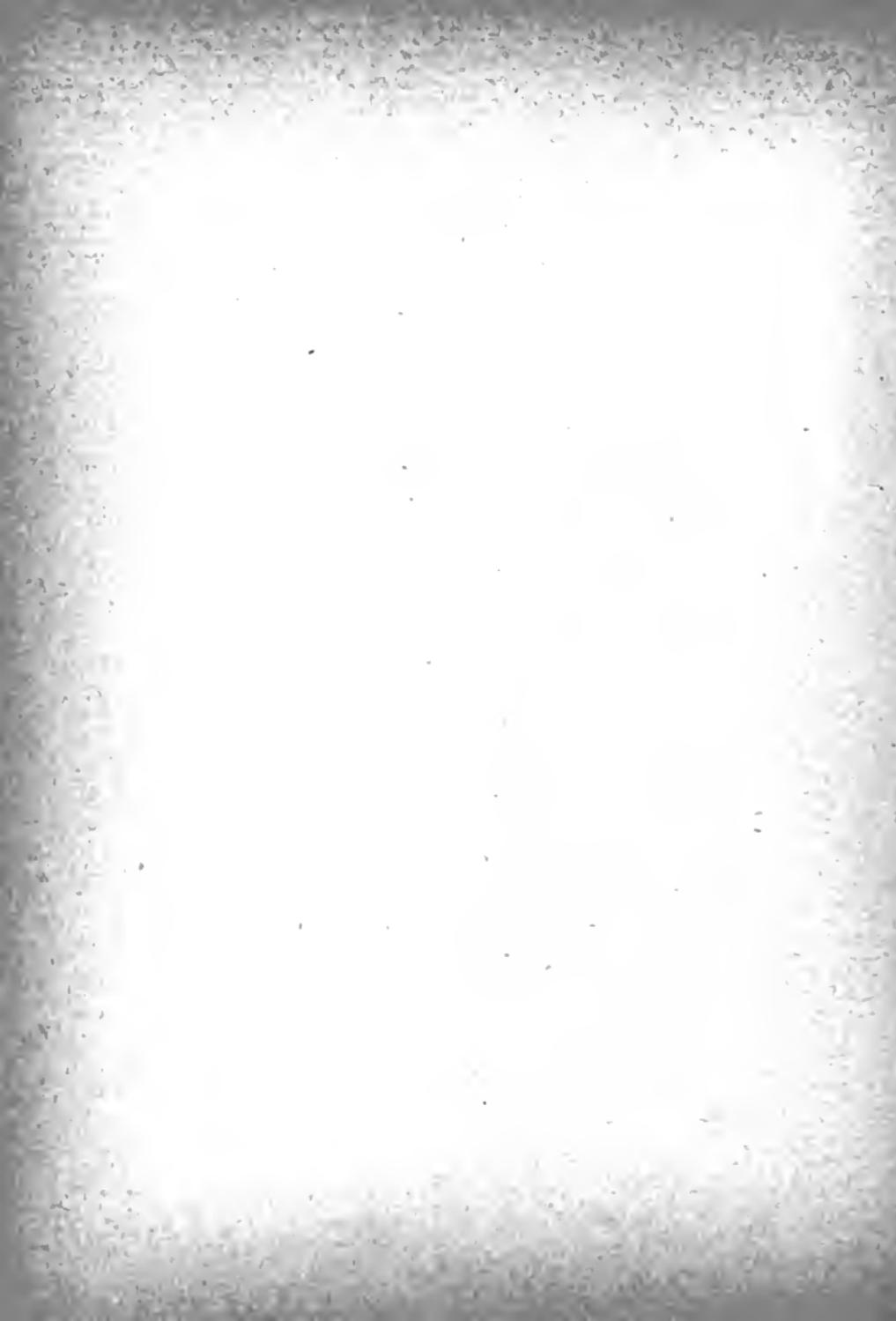
Act III., SCENE $\frac{3}{4}$ IV.

From 'KING LEAR'

HORSE to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long
year.

Act III., SCENE IV.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'HAMLET'

HOW should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

ACT IV., SCENE V.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'HAMLET'

THEY bore him barefaced on the bier ;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny ;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear :—
You must sing a-down, a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

And will he not come again ?
And will he not come again ?
No, no, he is dead :
Go to thy death-bed :
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pale :
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan :
God have mercy on his soul !

ACT IV., SCENE V.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'HAMLET'

WHY, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play ;
For some must watch, while some must
sleep :
So runs the world away.

ACT III., SCENE II.

From 'KING LEAR'

CHILD ROWLAND to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, fo, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

ACT III., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'KING LEAR'

BE thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundel-tail ;
Tom would make them weep and wail ;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

ACT III., SCENE VI.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TEMPEST'

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Ding-dong.
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

ACT I., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'HAMLET'

DOUBT thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

Act II., SCENE II.

From 'TROILUS AND CRESSIDA'

O HEART, O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

Act IV., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING'

THE god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.

Act V., SCENE II.

From 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR'

BY shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

Act III., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'KING LEAR'

COME o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—
 Her boat hath a leak,
 And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

ACT III., SCENE VI.

From 'KING LEAR'

SLEEPEST, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
 Thy sheep be in the corn ;
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.

ACT III., SCENE VI.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TIMON OF ATHENS'

IMMORTAL gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

ACT I., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

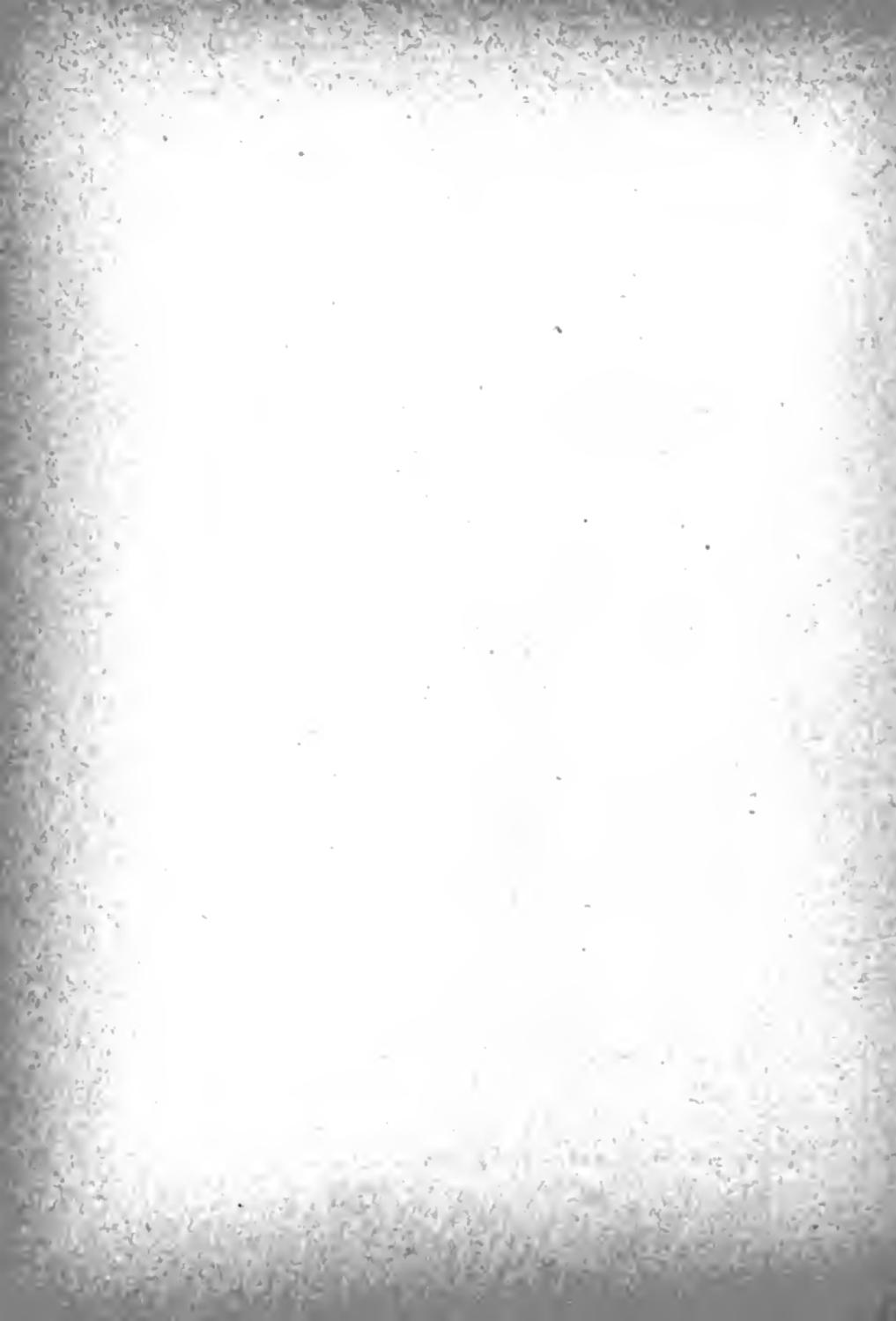
From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

ACT II., SCENE VII.

From 'OTHELLO'

AND let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink ;
A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why, then, let the soldier drink.

ACT II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

ACT II., SCENE V.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'OTHELLO'

KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

ACT II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

WHY should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man,
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;

Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd ;
Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

ACT III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

FROM the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

ACT III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'WINTER'S TALE'

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar ;
Money's a medler
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

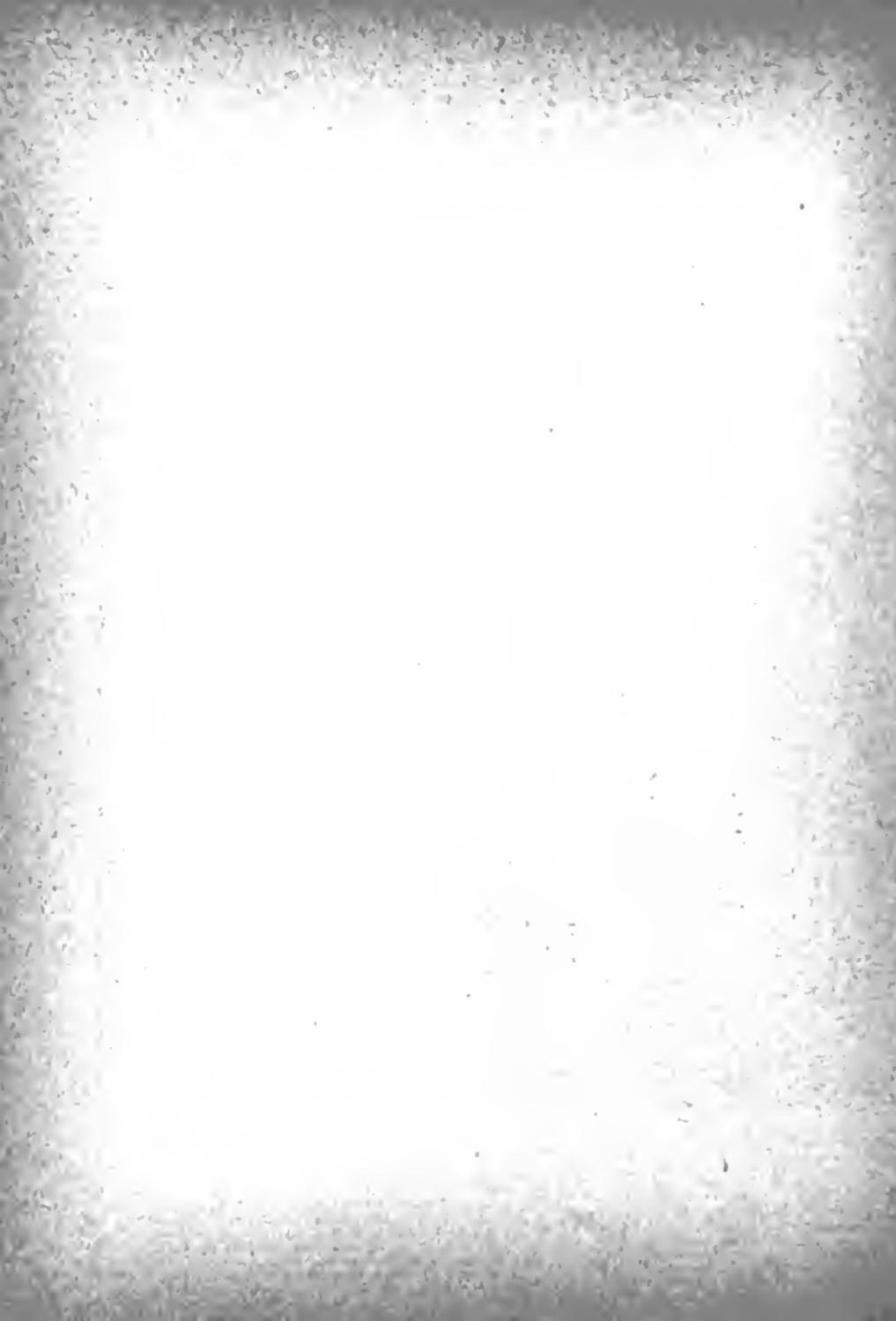
ACT IV., SCENE III.

From 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA'

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round !

ACT II., SCENE VII.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

WHAT thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love's sake ;
Love and languish for his sake.

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

ACT II., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'TIMON OF ATHENS'

HERE lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul
bereft :

Seek not my name : a plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left !

He lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did
hate :

Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.

ACT V., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'OTHELLO'

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her
 knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
 moans ;
 Sing willow, willow, willow :
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
 stones ;—
 Sing willow, willow, willow :

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Sing all a green willow must be my garland,
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
I call'd my love false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, willow, willow :
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe
men.

ACT IV., SCENE III.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL'

I AM Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son may hie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despiteful Juno sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of
worth :—
He is too good and fair for Death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

ACT III., SCENE IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

IF a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter-garments must be lin'd
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

ACT III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA'

MY thoughts do harbour with my Silvia
nightly,

And slaves they are to me, that send them
flying :

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are
lying !

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them ;
While I, their king, that thither them im-
portune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servant's fortune :
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should
be.

ACT III., SCENE I.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

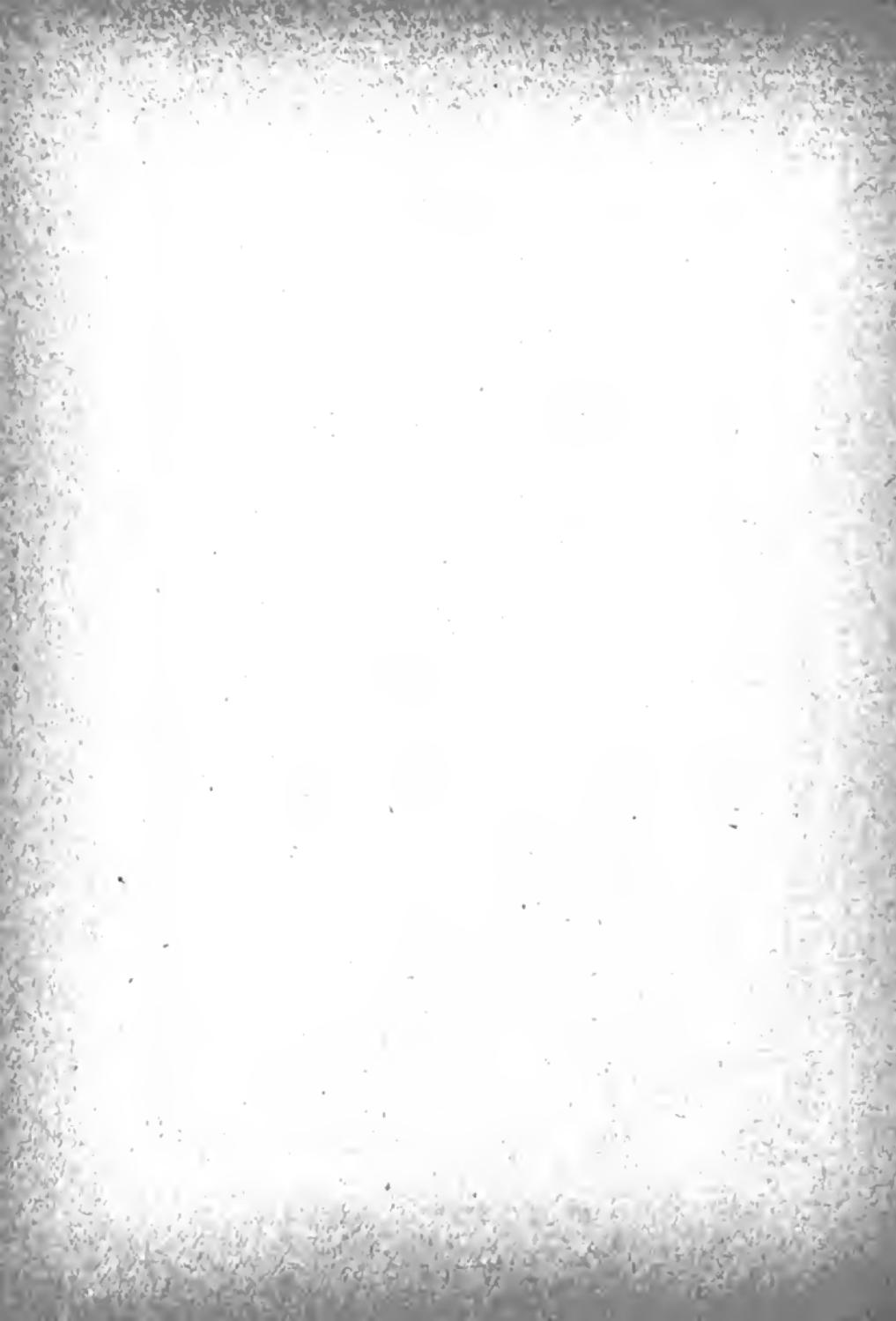
From 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING'

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,—
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
—Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy :
—Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

ACT II., SCENE III.





SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

YOU that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

ACT III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

From 'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM'

ON the ground
Sleep sound :
I'll apply
To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;
Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well.

ACT III., SCENE II.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A painful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice ac-
corded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale ;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done :
Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
Sometimes, diverted, their poor balls are tied
To the orbèd earth ; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride :
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside ;

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

Some in her threadyn fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear ;
Cried ' O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapprovèd witness dost thou bear !
Ink would have seem'd more black and damnèd
here ! '

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grainèd bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

‘ His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What’s sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

‘ Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg’d the web it seem’d to wear :
Yet show’d his visage by that cost more dear ;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

‘ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorised youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

‘ Well could he ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes !

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

‘ But quickly on this side the verdict went :
His real habitude gave life and grace

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions ; yet their purposed trim
Pierced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

‘ So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep
All replication prompt and reason strong
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

‘ That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted :
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

‘Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
Like fools that in th’ imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign’d :
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
them :

‘So many have, that never touch’d his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
—My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmèd power,
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

‘ Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded ;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded ;
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

‘ But, ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay ?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way ?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

‘ Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof ;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

O Appetite, from Judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry *It is thy last.*

‘ For further I could say *This man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

‘ And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : *Gentle maid,*
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.*

*'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.*

*'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*

*'And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impeach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.*

*'The diamond—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold : each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*‘Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.*

*‘O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you : and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.*

*‘Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.*

*'But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.*

*'O, pardon me, in that my boast is true :
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out Religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be immured ;
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.*

*'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place :
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.*

*'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

*Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.*

*'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine ;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To have the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.*

*'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

‘O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmèd here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

‘ For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears ;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

‘ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows :

‘That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim :

Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

‘Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and conceal'd fiend he cover'd ;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

‘ O that infected moisture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid ! ’

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear ;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward :
He rose and ran away ; ah ! fool too foward.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

II

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen :
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood :
' O Jove,' quoth she, ' why was not I a flood!?'

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

III

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
'Once,' quoth she, ' did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, ' here was the sore.'
She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than
one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

IV

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god embraced
me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god unlaced
me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

v

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
 O ! my love, my love is young ;
Age, I do defy thee : O ! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

VI

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
faded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded ;
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting !

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should
be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will :
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
For why I cravèd nothing of thee still :

Oh yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

VIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that's broken presently :
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

IX

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share;

She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

‘Farewell,’ quoth she, ‘and come again to-morrow:’

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
‘T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
‘T may be, again to make me wander thither:
‘Wander,’ a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

x

Lord ! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east ;
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
Sorrow changed to solace, sorrow mix'd with
sorrow ;
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-
morrow.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !

Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now
borrow :
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
morrow.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

XI

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me.
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

SONGS TO NOTES OF MUSIC

I

IT was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of
three,

That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with
love did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight :

To put in practice either, alas ! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*.

But one must be refused ; more mickle was the
pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to
gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain :
Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away ;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
gay ;
For now my song is ended.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

II

On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

III

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,

All is amiss :

Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.

One silly cross
Wrought all my loss ;

O ! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame,
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O ! cruel speeding,

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,

In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
fight !

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not

Forth their dye ;

Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,

Thy like ne'er was

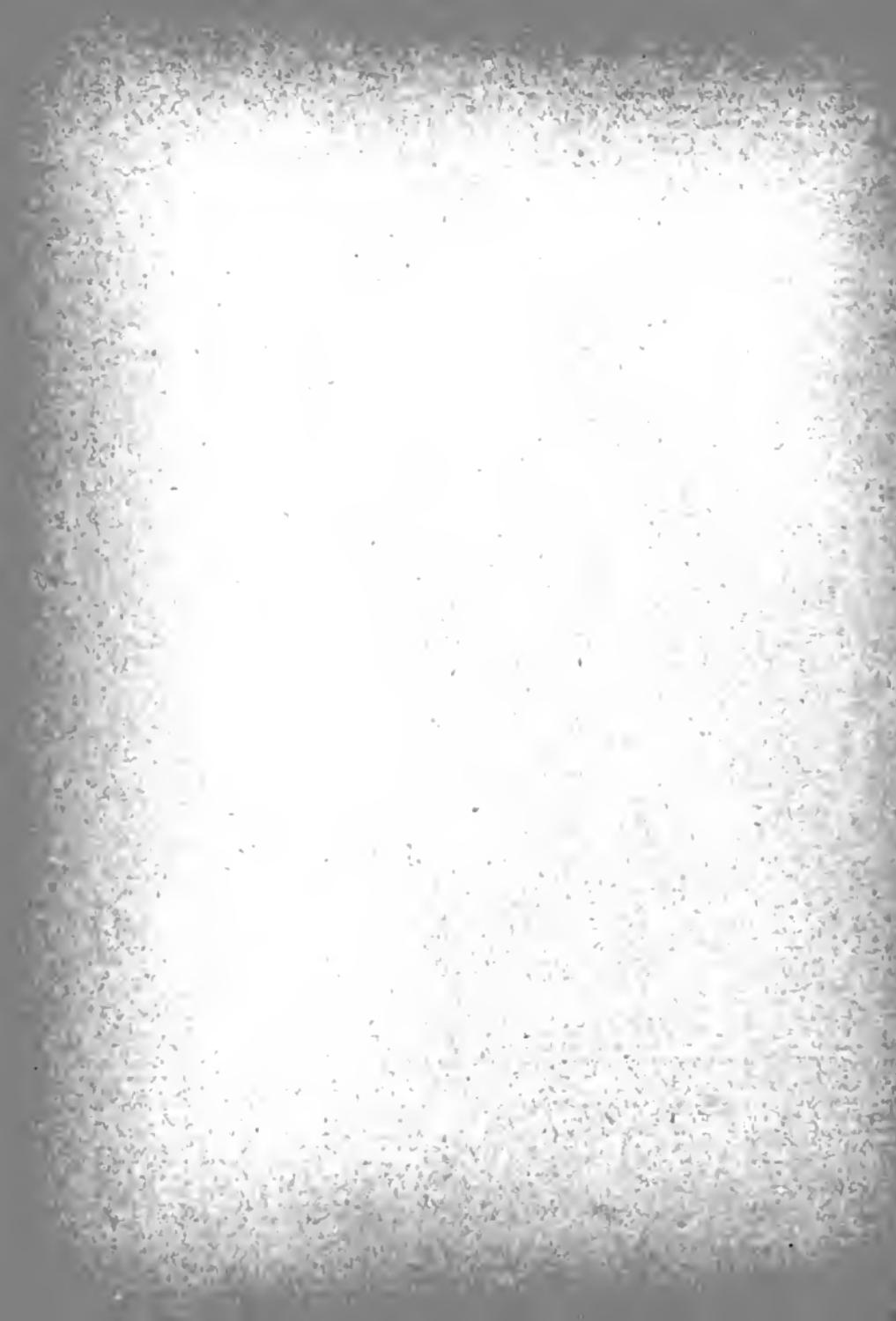
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :

Poor Corydon

Must live alone ;

Other help for him I see that there is none.





SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

IV

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial wight :

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
A cripple soon can find a halt :

But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight ;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
‘Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.’

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady’s ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew.

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men
And not to live so like a saint :
Here is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attaint.

Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough ! too much, I fear ;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

v

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

VI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
' Fie, fie, fie ! ' now would she cry ;
' Tereu, Tereu ! ' by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.

SHAKESPEARE's *Songs*

Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement :

But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part.

These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

THE PHÆNIX AND THE TURTLE

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king :
Keep the obsequy so strict

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead :
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight ;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

That it cried, ' How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

SHAKESPEARE'S *Songs*

Leaving no posterity :
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For those dead birds sigh a prayer.

FINIS



INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS

	PAGE
All that glisters is not gold	21
And let me the canakin clink, clink	67
And sword and shield	29
Art thou, god, to shepherd turn'd ?	11
Be, as thou wast wont to be	26
Be thy mouth or black or white	60
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	66
By shallow rivers, to whose falls	63
Child Rowland to the dark tower came	59
Come away, come away, Death	22
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me	64
Come, thou monarch of the vine	74
Come unto these yellow sands	27
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eyc	16
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer	46
Doubt thou the stars are fire ?	62
Fairy King, attend and mark	30
Fathers that wear rags	8
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	24
Fie on sinful fantasy !	40

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Flower of the purple dye	31
For I the ballad will repeat	47
From the east to western Ind	73
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing	44
Full fathom five thy father lies	61
Get you hence, for I must go	7
Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love	10
Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings	1
Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft	76
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing	20
Horse to ride, and weapon to wear	56
How should I your true love know ?	57
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone	79
If a hart do lack a hind	80
If she be made of white and red	41
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?	14
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf	65
It was a Lover and his Lass	5
King Stephen was a worthy peer	69
Lawn as white as driven snow	32
Love like a shadow flies	33
Love, love, nothing but Love, still more !	55
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly	81
No more dams I'll make for fish	44
Now the hungry lion roars	37
O heart, O heart, O heavy heart	62

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?	4
On a day—alack the day !	17
On the ground	84
Orpheus with his lute made trees	52
Over hill, over dale	28
Pardon, Goddess of the night	23
Saint Withold footed thrice the wold	56
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more	82
Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?	64
So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not	12
Take, O, take those lips away	9
Tell me where is Fancy bred	2
The raging rocks	33
The god of love	63
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I	51
Then is there mirth in Heaven	19
The ousel-cock, so black of hue	45
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree	77
They bore him barefaced on the bier	58
Through the forest have I gone	34
Under the greenwood tree	68
Wedding is great Juno's crown	18
What shall he have that killed the deer ?	50
What thou seest when thou dost wake	75
When daffodils begin to peer	42
When daisies pied and violets blue	53

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

		PAGE
When icicles hang by the wall		54
When that I was and a little tiny boy		48
Where the bee sucks, there suck I		26
While you here do snoring lie		29
Who is Silvia? what is She		3
Why, let the stricken deer go weep?		59
Why should this desert silent be?		70
Will you buy any tape?		74
You spotted snakes with double tongue		35
You that choose not by the view		83

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

With Fourteen Illustrations and Cover Design by

HENRY OSPOVAT

Square 16mo. 3s. 6d. net

Art Journal says:—‘Mr Ospovat has excelled himself in his illustrations for Mr John Lane’s dainty edition of Shakespeare’s Sonnets. They are finely decorative; and well attuned to the measured, stately sweep of the poems they embellish.’

Studio.—‘Mr Ospovat’s . . . task has been by no means a light one, but he has accomplished it with excellent judgment and right feeling. His drawings are not merely technically good: they have been inspired with true poetic sentiment.’

Magazine of Art.—‘Well printed on rough paper, with one sonnet to a page. The illustrations are of unusual excellence.’

Saturday Review.—‘No one could desire an edition of the Sonnets more tastefully and charmingly got up than this.’

JOHN LANE, *Publisher, LONDON AND NEW YORK*

UCSB LIBRARY
X-20354
POEMS

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

With an Introduction by
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

AND

Upwards of Seventy Illustrations and a Cover Design by
HENRY OSPOVAT

Price 6s. net. Crown 8vo. Price \$2.50

The Magazine of Art.—‘An extremely charming edition, profusely illustrated with pen drawings by an artist whose decorative fancy in the head-pieces is as remarkable as the power to render the poetry itself. It speaks well for him that he holds his readers by his artistic feeling.’

The Bookman.—‘A beautiful edition. The illustrations are bold and striking and worthy of close study.’

Literature.—‘Mr Henry Ospovat has well caught the fine spirit which informs the poems. The work in technique reminds one of that done for the wood engravers of the fifties.’

JOHN LANE, *Publisher, LONDON AND NEW YORK*

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 491 863 7

